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ONLY 9 More Shopping Days Before X'mas.

The Weather.
 South Carolina: Fair Tuesday, on the coast; Wednesday fair.

Thought for the Day.
 The false friend is worse than an open enemy.

THE COURAGE OF EDISON

There is a lesson for the farmers and business men of the South in the magnificent courage displayed by Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, when his great plant was destroyed by fire last Wednesday night. He did not sit down and complain. But he went to work immediately, and was impatient for the embers to cool that he might begin rebuilding. He said: "I will have a temporary set-back, but I will not let the spirit for a man to give up to the face of adversity? With determination the farmers and mechanics of the South will build a better success out of their apparatus. They will, do not fear, for only some Thomas A. Edisons in proportion county and in South Carolina will build larger fortunes than this year.

The following is from the Columbian Record:
 "The pretty well burned out just this morning," said Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, as he stood looking upon the ruins of his great plant in West Orange, N. J., Wednesday night. "But I'll start all over tomorrow. There'll be some rapid mobilization here when this debris cools off and is cleared away. I'll go right to work to build the plant over again. It's just a temporary set-back; don't worry about that."
 The five covered almost a square mile of ground, causing a property loss of \$7,000,000, all of which except \$500,000 insurance Mr. Edison will have to bear. It was not alone the value of the property, but the years of the labor of his life that will make demands on the man whose life now rapidly running to replace, that were swept away by fire. Mr. Edison spoke cheerfully with a smile of starting all over again.

It is an old, old story,
 And yet it is ever new,
 The story of good Santa Claus
 Who will ever live for you.

No, Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

NO MORE LIQUOR FOR THEM

One by one the avenues for man to succeed are being hedged in against the drinker of intoxicants. Commissioner McMaster has perhaps gone further than anyone in South Carolina, and his ruling will cause widespread commend.

Industrial insurance companies doing business in this state were warned Friday by Insurance Commissioner McMaster that licenses of all their agents using intoxicants or drugs to excess would be revoked upon complaint. The commissioner stated in the warning letter that "the rule will be made absolute."

The letter follows:
 "To the Industrial Companies:
 "Dear Sirs: Please inform each of your agents that hereafter no man who drinks whiskey or uses any other drug to excess when on or off his work will be licensed as an industrial insurance agent. The women and children and wives of the poor people who usually carry industrial insurance policies are entitled to complete protection from any man who uses whiskey or any other drink."
 "The rule is to be made absolute, and whenever a man loses his position on account of the use of whiskey or any other drink, he will not be re-licensed until he is able to bring to this department an affidavit showing that he has not been intoxicated or under the influence of liquor for at least six months."

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?
 This is the season when the kiddies are interested in writing their letters to Santa Claus, making known their desires as to what shall be placed in their stockings on the interesting night of the year to childhood. It is a beautiful custom—a modern development of the Santa Claus tradition that means so much to children, old and young.

The first batch of letters to Santa Claus always to bring to the minds of many what is perhaps the most famous literary production ever elicited by such a letter. Many "answers" there have been, but the one which was printed a number of years ago in the New York Sun, and widely credited to the editor, Mr. Dana, has become a classic. Mr. Dana was not, however, the author of this particular editorial. It was written by a comparatively obscure editorial writer for the Sun, a Mr. Church, who died some five or six years ago. It should be explained, rather, that the letter from "Virginia" was not addressed to Santa Claus, but was rather an inquiry of the editor as to whether or not there was—and is—a Santa Claus. The editorial reply was as follows:

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist; and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this world except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no proof that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are ungen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond it. It all real? Ah! Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. The glorious full moon would not be so beautiful; the brightly twinkling stars would be cold and dim; the grand old sun would not yield so much light and warmth. No, no, if our beautiful world could be so greatly diminished, so bereft of childish fancy and allurement, then all would be very, very sad.

Yes, Virginia, Santa Claus will come this Christmas as usual to all the hopeful, faithful loving children of dear old New York; they must never doubt his existence, but ever trust and believe in him while their little hearts are warm and young, tender and true. He comes on this one special visit to all faithful, confident children who regularly expect him once each year. It takes Santa Claus nearly all the year to collect these Christmas presents before the well known happy day they are given out to the hopeful and expectant. I must tell you and repeat to you:

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 And yet it is ever new,
 The story of good Santa Claus
 Who will ever live for you.

No, Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

LET THE HEATHEN RAGE

Poor little Willie Hearst has had his force of hired brains to search the recorded words of George Washington for the language therein contained which can most easily be misconstrued into something opposed to what President Wilson stands for. Mr. Wilson is the latest and perhaps the best biographer of George Washington, and no doubt read all that the Hearst hired brains have discovered, and he has read it with an understanding such as Mr. Hearst's millions multiplied could not hire or prostitute.

After all these months of Mr. Wilson's administration, about the only thing that the Hearst hired hunters have been able to discover in Washington's writings, capable of being distorted in the usual Hearst way into meaning something that Washington never meant, is the following touching "preparation" for war, about which the Steel Trust and the Powder Trust and their like are so much exercised. The quotation is from President Washington's message to Congress in 1793, just four years after the United States of America had become a nation, and when it was of about the strength and dignity of one of the Central American republics of the present time:

"There is no rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."
 "This is the sentiment of Washington which the Hearst papers say Mr. Wilson opposes. Let us see.
 "The rank that Mr. Washington declared was 'due to the United States' has long since been attained and far surpassed. Even Washington never dreamed of a nation such as we have—a of a nation as strong and self-reliant, and particularly as self-controlled, as the United States is in 1914. The 'reputation of weakness' that Mr. Washington feared was avoided because there were no Hearsts in those days to stir up, especially abroad, the idea that the United States was weak by preaching 'unpreparedness' day after day at variance with the facts. If we acquire 'a reputation for weakness' in the twentieth century it will be because of the

WHY THIS AGITATION?
 A rumor that will not down on the streets of the city is to the effect that an effort will shortly be made to have City Council enjoined from making further payment on the contract entered into between the city of Anderson and the Southern Public Utilities Company. It is also rumored that there is an agreement among four of the councilmen that the city will pay the expenses of the private citizen who acts as the cat's paw to pull out the chestnuts of those members who are unalterably opposed to the franchise. The rumor has even gone so far as to say that the papers are now being drawn and that in a few days an effort will be made to secure an injunction. These may all be rumors, but they are like Hamlet's ghost, "They will not down."

Now, this will be another conflict, if such steps are taken. It will mean that the City Council will try to do by indirection what they have failed to do by direction, and the people of Anderson will not stand for this any more than they would stand for the City Council's annulment of the contract made by a former Council. If any citizen wishes to enter such suit, let him be prepared to pay his own expenses and the costs of such litigation. The Intelligencer does not believe that Council will undertake any such foolish thing as to pay the expenses of this suit. What right, if you please, has the Southern Public Utilities Company to pay for being sued? What right have the great majority of the citizens of Anderson who are opposed to all this agitation, and who are satisfied, both as to the legality and to the right of the franchise contract, to be made to pay a private individual, who has some personal grievance, perchance, to enter suit against what they believe to be right?

It is utter nonsense, and we put any such individual on notice that he, or they, are laying up for themselves a burdensome suit, and one they will have to pay for finally.
 Why all this agitation? It has been demonstrated that the people are satisfied on the franchise matter, and that it is legal there is abundant law to sustain, so why this continued agitation? Is it to drive capital away from Anderson? This will be the effect if it is kept up longer. There is no demand for any action, so far as we can learn. The Intelligencer published a number of interviews of persons in all walks of life, and they were asked if they had heard of any demand for the matter to be tested at this time. They all said they had heard of no demand, and frankly, we can learn of no demand outside of a few persons who are constitutionally opposed to applied legally—opposed to it or other progressive measures.

YES, BUT WASN'T IT ANDERSON?

One of the Anderson newspapers has seen fit to rise up and rear all over the York News because of the recent editorial published in this paper under the caption of "Prosecution or Persecution." The editor of The Intelligencer remarks that the article must have been written about Anderson and goes on with a lengthy defense of the city for taking the steps it did in regard to the blind tiger situation. It is truly remarkable that the article "must" have referred to Anderson. Of course Anderson is the only city of any size or prominence in the State and naturally any editor must straight-way be drawn and quartered or hung up by the heels and nibbled to death by young ducks if he dared to write an editorial about any other city. He must have Anderson in mind; it is not conceivable that he could be thinking of Columbia or Greenville or Spartanburg.

OUR DAILY POEM

Inspiration.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
 With his marble block before him;
 And his face lit up with smile of joy
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.
 He carved that dream on the yielding stone
 With many a sharp incision;
 In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
 He caught that angel vision.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
 With our lives undug before us;
 Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
 Our life dream passes o'er us.
 Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision;
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own
 Our lives, that angel vision."
 —Bishop Doane.

Great Discovery.

Scientist—Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries.
 Fair Lady—I can really believe it.
 Why, I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident, too.
 Scientist—May I ask what it was?
 Fair Lady—Why, I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy a fountain pen can be used just the same as any other pen—without the bother and mess of filling it—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tommy's Joke.

His name was Tommy, and he came home from school looking so down in the mouth that mother asked him severely what was the matter.
 Out of his little trousers pocket he fished a note from the teacher which said: "Tommy has been a very naughty boy. Please have a serious talk with him."
 "What did you do?" asked mother.
 "Nothing," sobbed Tommy.
 "Nothing?" asked mother.
 "She asked a question, and I was the only one who could answer it."
 "H'm," murmured mother.
 "What was the question?"
 "Who put the dead mouse in her desk drawer?" answered Tommy.
 Philadelphia Record.

misinformation that the Hearst papers and their kind have been purveying to their readers, which contain a larger proportion of ignorant and vicious men of the Czolgoz type than the readers of any other newspapers in the world.

"If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it," says Washington a century and a quarter ago. It will be noted that he did not use the term "avenge." To repel an insult is to prevent it. No insult was ever "repelled" by force. The repelling of insults may be achieved most effectively by avoiding an offensive attitude toward others, and by avoiding braggadocio—two things of which the Hearst mind is apparently incapable of conception. But the United States under Woodrow Wilson is less likely to have any insults to repel or avenge than were the head of the nation a man whom Hearst would approve.

"If we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war," says Washington. To those words, of course, Mr. Wilson holds hearty assent, though he would probably improve the expression by adding "if war is necessary." It has been known of all men that we are ready for war if war is necessary, but the vapors of the jingoes have possibly led some weakminded folk to believe that we are "unprepared." If any foreign nation is fool enough to be so misled, and to undertake a hostile action against the United States because it believes the Hearst rot that we are unprepared to take care of ourselves, the nation will have Mr. Hearst and his kind to thank for another absurd and unnecessary war, as they were responsible for that of 1898.

But "there is hope." The dignified manner in which Mr. Wilson ignores the jingoes is the surest way to get them to go to extremes; and the way to have a calf—or a jackass—hang himself is to give him plenty of rope. The jingoes are getting plenty of rope, and there is hope that they will soon make their own propaganda appear as ridiculous as in fact it is.

Uncle Dave's Letter

Christmas.
 By universal consent, Christmas is the season of greatest joy. Whether it is the snowbound fishery of Norway, the boundless prairies of Russia, the vine-covered hills of Italy, the manufacturing centers of America or the balmy isles of the southern seas, Christmas everywhere reigns supreme. However great may be our poverty, or severe our sufferings, or put a burdens, Christmas comes to put a new smile into the heart and a new smile upon the face and remind us that life may be filled with joy. Heaven thought that earth might not realize the greatness of its possession, so it sent an angel host from the very presence of the throne and whose vocation was to chant the anthems of praise; to announce to men that they were to receive a great joy. The messenger fell upon his face and exclaimed in rapture: Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!

We have many festivals, and each has its special significance, but Christmas is the festival of joy. There are great days which we observe in memory of some great national event, or when we think again of some great hero, leader, or when we offer thanks to God for the year's bounties, or when we pause to adjust ourselves to the dawn of a new year, but above all to our christmas, as it brings to every class, nation, class, and individual, its message of joy.
 Richter says that joys are our wings. Can we estimate the loss to the world if Christmas did not bring to us these wings by which things soar to higher and nobler things in character and service? Take Christmas from the calendar and at once man sinks into the slough of despond; he becomes the slave of his appetite and passions; his life will be nothing more than a gloomy prison house, and he will be the creature of his blind fate, that leads him ever on into uncertainty. But since Christmas is here man can attune his heart to the note of joy. To the nations of the world this joy may come through the message of peace and good will. This means the end of war, end of bloodshed, of all the practices among man none is so foolish as war. It is especially unjustifiable in this day of splendid civilization. Looking at the past we know that questions decided by the greatest exhibition of force were very often not decided justly.

There is no conscience or justice in the conclusion gained by a superior

Nine More Shopping Days Before Christmas--The Importance of Today

Use the days while you are unhurried—it makes Christmas shopping a pleasure instead of a task; your judgment is clearer, and there are so many gifts not born of desperation.

Visit the store today—it is better for you, better for us; the stocks are fullest now; the human machine runs easier now than when under the strain of the last days.

In buying presents for men, young men and boys, you'll find us able to give you a lot of help. We've lots of things for men's gifts; things boys like, too, masculine things, costing from 25c to \$25.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS WORTH WHILE			
Neckwear	25c to \$1	Collars	15c each, \$1.50 doz.
Gloves	25c to \$3.50	Cuffs	25c pair
Handkerchiefs	10c to 50c	Suspenders	25c to 50c
Silk Handkerchiefs	25c to \$1.00	Caps	25c to \$1.50
Silk Mufflers	50c to \$2.50	Garters	10c to 50c
Hose	10c to \$1.00	Canes	\$1.50
Holeproof Socks	\$1.50 box	Umbrellas	\$1.00 to \$5.00
Silk Socks	50c to \$1.00 pair	Hand Bags	\$1.50 to \$15.00
Cuff Buttons	25c to \$1 pair	Suit Cases	\$1.00 to \$15.00
Shirt Studs	25c to 50c	Pajamas	\$1.00 to \$2.50 Suit
Stitch Pins	25c to 1.50	Bath Robes	\$3.00 to \$10.00
Shirts	50c to \$3.50	House Slippers	\$1.00 to \$1.50

Men's Suits \$10 to \$25; Overcoats \$10 to \$25.
 Boys' Suits \$3.50 to \$12.50; Overcoats \$3.50 to \$7.50.
 Men's Rain Coats \$3 to \$15; Boys' \$2.50 too \$5.
 Men's Shoes \$3.50 to \$6.50; Hats \$1.50 to \$5.

Ladies' Week—Week of Special Service for Ladies
The Christmas Store for Men's and Boy's Gifts

Order by Parcel Post.
 We Prepay all Charges.

B. O. Cranst Co.

SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS

"The Store with a Conscience"

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The tariff on stockings will help to keep them up.
 At any rate, no matter how hard the new tariff may be on some of us, we feel grateful that Max Crayton and I didn't have to pay any income tax.
 The suffragettes' holiday sentiment: Peace on earth, good will toward men; and votes for women.
 Cotton whiskers, which will prevail to a large extent next week, have their faults, but they have this advantage over other whiskers; they are sanitary.
 A lawyer is one who protects you against robbers by taking away the temptation.
 It is not so much the thing that is done or the thing that is said that matters, but the way of doing or saying it.
 In everything there is a time for silence and a time for speech. Opportunity makes the saint as much as it makes the thief.
 A man is as God made him, heart and brain.
 You have never seen ugliness in a happy face.
 I have no praise for the man who drinks—I have less for the man who drinks than hollow prohibition.
 Brutal Pa.
 Gervangelina Dorkins stood before her father—her face flushed with happiness and pride, says the Washington Star.
 "And he's asked me to marry him, father! I can't tell you how happy and proud I am to have won the love of such a man. You know him, don't you, father, and you like him?"
 The happy girl laid her cheek, blooming with love and coquetry, on her long-suffering parents' shoulder.
 "Oh, yes," answered the old gentleman, hoping his coat wouldn't be stained. "I know him all right. But has he any money to marry on?"
 "Money? Why, father, darling, look at the lovely diamond ring he has given me!"
 "Yes, I have noticed it. That's what I mean—has he any money left?"

THE 1915 BOY

"I will not take my mother's current jelly from the pantry without permission." (Her raspberry jam is good enough for me.)

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR SACRIFICE KIDNEY AND BLADDER